

I had a friend  
He said he was an artist  
Knew more than the average schmuck  
He said he must have been given  
A real gift  
Well I said that was just dumb luck

All work is honorable  
Yet art is just a job  
Let me spend my paycheck on a beer  
No heroes, no leaders, no artists, no gods  
I'm a worker, you're a worker  
Wouldn't you like to be a worker too?

My work he said  
Is so complex  
So much so he couldn't sell it at an auction  
He shuts his mouth  
And dotes away  
I guess he serves to serve a function

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What's to think  
Is the difference between  
The tortured artist or the union Joe  
From the market I live in  
To the world I see  
Whatever we reap we're lucky if we sow

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